

I got to Cheyenne no gold could ~~haxxant~~ I find
I thought of the loved ones I'd left far behind
Through the rain hail and sleet nearly froze to the gills
So they called me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.
(Or, I felt like etc)

Cho.- Don't go away, stay at home if you can,
Stay away from that city they call it Cheyenne
For old Sitting Bull and Comanche Bills
They will lift you r hair on the dreary Black Hills.

The round house at Cheyenne is full every night
of loafers and bummers of most every plight
In their backs is few clothes in their pockets no bills
Each day they keep starting for the dreary Black Hills.

D. C. C. C.

Mr. Lummis: Have you ever run
across this song or any fragments of it?
It is genuine poetry and I should
like to see the complete version.

J. A. L.